

## The Evening World

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JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 51 Park Row.  
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## THE COLONEL ROARS ON.

THE country may be enjoying the exhibition less than the Colonel, but that does not interfere with his growing delight in his "act." The spectacle of an ex-President stamping around and during the present Administration to come out and settle it is not an inspiring one. Remember, however, it is a long time since the Colonel got anybody to go to the mat with him on any robust protest and even the bare chance is too good to be lost.

Secretary Garrison has shown himself a cool hand, and the Administration is not in the slightest danger of finding itself in an uneasy brawl. Following Mr. Roosevelt's unpardonably ill-advised attack upon the foreign policy of the Government while speaking in a military camp conducted by army officers of this nation, the Secretary of War informed Major-General Wood that nothing of a similar nature must occur again in that or any other camp. Gen. Wood replied, like a soldier, that the order would be obeyed. Therefore, as Secretary Garrison says, "The case is closed and the verdict must stand."

It appears, however, that Mr. Roosevelt has only begun. He proposes to wrestle the Secretary of War over Mexico, Hayti, hyphenism, gunnery and any allied problems, national or international, that may suggest themselves.

The Colonel prides himself on his military experience. One thing it never taught him. If it had he would see that, so far as the Plattburg affair is concerned, there is nothing left but to salute and be silent.

New York is tired of meeting treasure trains full of gold ticketed for Wall Street. Let us know when General Prosperity is aboard. He'll go home with all of us.

## CAN IT LAST?

THE section of the Walsh commission report which asserts that the wage earner is not getting a fair share of the wealth he produces ought to be popular just now in Bridgeport, where work and profit have struck such a lively pace that they quarrel from sheer high spirits.

Munition workers in the Connecticut city have had a great season. All the work they could ask for, with extra high pay for overtime, has given them the chance of their lives to make money. New plants are being built. Workers of all types are in demand. Bridgeport is enjoying the biggest boom in its history, a World Investigator reports, and strikes are merely part of the excitement.

Work hours have been shortened, wages increased, workmen travel to their jobs in their own autos or in jitneys, and the union leaders loudly declare that these happy conditions have come to stay and that the workman will never yield a jot of them.

But—suppose peace wins back the world. Suppose war orders stop. Can the munition factories afford to go on paying top-notch wages? And if the workers will accept nothing less, what can the factories do but shut down?

High wages, enduring or otherwise, become a habit hard to renounce. Labor leaders tell the men to stick to their terms and stay idle rather than take less and work. But when it comes to allotting the fruits of production what wealth does a closed plant produce for anybody to share?

Peaches are only twenty-five cents a peck, but the delivery of lemons seems little affected.

## UNGUARDED AUTOS.

IN A CITY like New York, whose streets are playgrounds for thousands of children, an automobile left standing by the curb with only the touch of a lever needed to start it is a grave menace to public safety.

Two children were killed last week by motor vehicles left unguarded where youngsters could easily climb aboard and meddle with the controlling apparatus. The wonder is there have not been more accidents of this sort. Aldermen and Legislature should take notice of the danger. As Col. Cornell of the National Highways Protective Association points out:

The motorman of a trolley car does not leave his post without taking his controller, and the same should be true of the driver of any other machine which may be started merely by turning a switch.

When it was necessary to crank a car to start it there was less risk in leaving it. Up to date self-starting devices have added a new auto peril. Legislation must promptly take steps to minimize it.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

The same man who takes weeks to consider the purchase of a piece of real estate about which he can quickly obtain all necessary information may hastily buy a hundred shares of stock of a corporation of which he knows nothing, simply because some one tells him that the price is going up.—*Albany Journal.*

There is nothing easier than grinding an axe if you can get somebody to turn the grindstone.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

When a man says he is prepared for the worst he usually gets it.—*Nashville Banner.*

It is human nature for a fellow with a transparent Palm Beach suit to

to ridicule another with a sport shirt.—*Nashville Banner.*

Lots of smiles are wasted during telephone conversations.

Nearly always there is one person in a street car who talks loud.—*Toledo Blade.*

The more you talk about your troubles the more you magnify them.

Much that has been gained is often lost in reaching out for more.—*Albany Journal.*

The man who prays one way and lives another usually goes the way of the pulpit.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

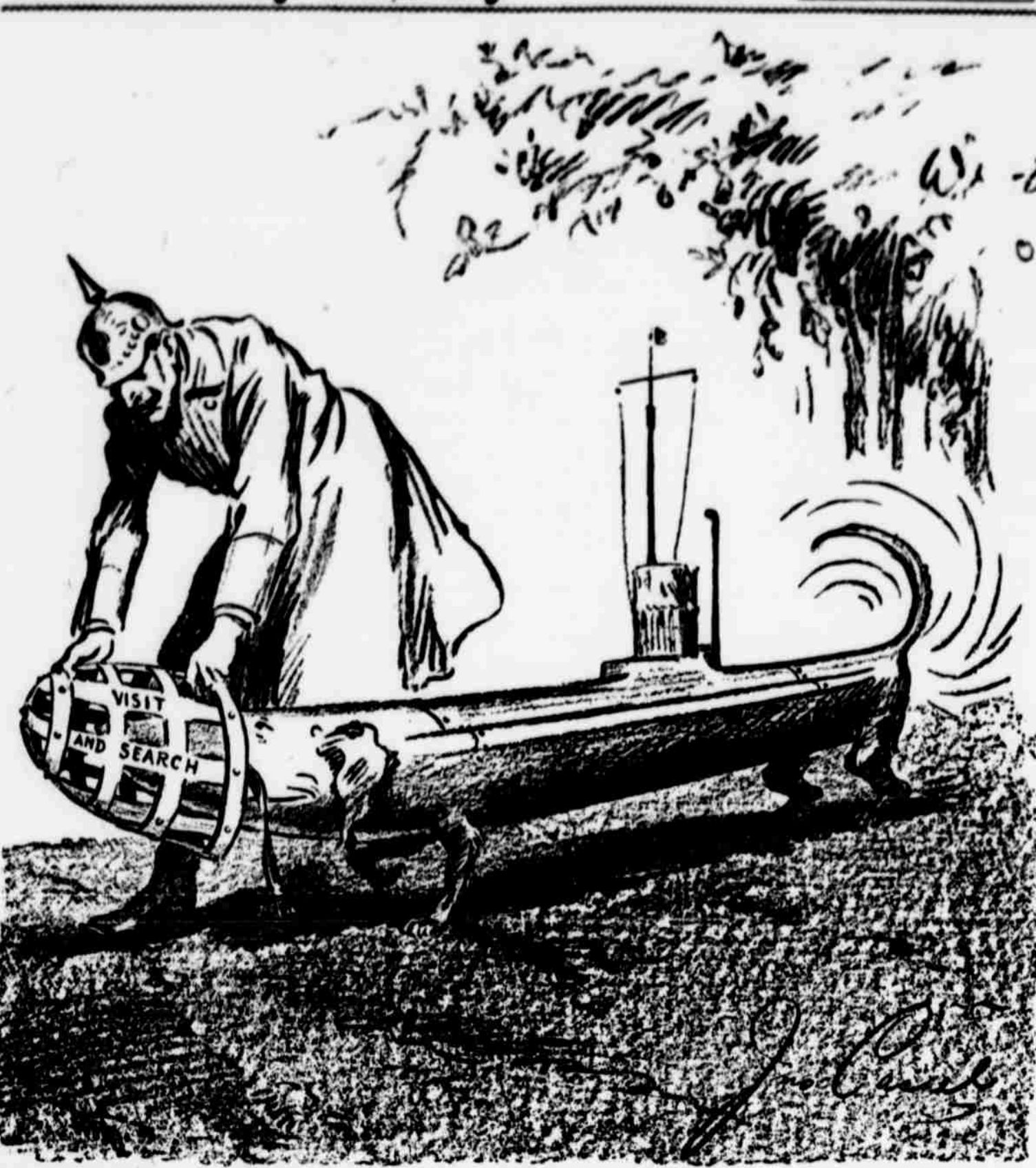
## Letters From the People

Snakes in England? To the Editor of The Evening World: I have lately asked no less than four Englishmen: "Are there any snakes in England?" and every one of those four men has thought of me and then said: "I don't know." So I am asking the question now, of such of your readers as may have walked about in the country regions of England. Are there any

snakes in England? If so, are they of the same sort and in as large (comparatively) quantities as in America? What kinds are there and are any of them poisonous? This information ought to be of interest, I think. Please understand, readers, the foregoing questions are asked purely for information. No joke is intended. I shall be grateful for straight answers and not for attempts at humor.

## "Deliberately Friendly"

By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR bustled in, looking cool in what Mr. Jarr would have described as a neat muslin dress, though doubtless it was something else again. Mr. Jarr did not look either neat or cool, for he wasn't.

"Put on your collar and necktie and your coat quick!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "The Cuttings are coming!"  
"The Cuttings are coming, heigho, heigho!" murmured Mr. Jarr.  
"Please don't try to be funny," said Mrs. Jarr. "The Cuttings are people we should know. They are both Modernists and both are Intellectual Socialists. I met them at the Stryvers. They are very rich and have no children, and have a yacht and motor cars and a beautiful country place, and they may invite us, and we would have a grand time. You do not like intellectual people, but I do."

"There they are now, I suppose," said Mr. Jarr, as the bell rang long and loud. "Their pushing at the bell has a cynical Modernist ring to it. They must expect to find 'nobody' home."

But Mrs. Jarr did not answer. She had flown to meet the Modernists.  
"Charmed to meet you," drawled Mrs. Cutting, when Mr. Jarr was introduced.

"Why do you say you are charmed," said Mr. Cutting. "Do you think Mr. Jarr is of the snake species?"  
Mr. Cutting was one of those tall, hook-nosed men with very short, near-butler sideburns.

He wore a stock and old-fashioned black cravat at all seasons. Also, to wit: A pair of the heaviest, largest tortoise shell eye-glasses with broad, heavy silk eye-glass ribbon. He also wore cloth top galsters, and was creased in all directions, and never removed his gloves. When you see an animal so marked, sniff low and shoot to kill, for it is the deadly satirist.

"A dreadful street you live on, my dear," said Mrs. Cutting to Mrs. Jarr, and glanced around her through a single glass lorgnette. Such a lorgnette is the hall mark of the female satirist. There is no closed season for these. Shoot at any time.

"Yes," Mrs. Cutting went on, "as we passed up the street last night I stared at us."

"If you didn't look weird, you wouldn't be stared at," remarked Mr. Cutting in a harsh, dry voice.

"As a student of heredity," replied Mrs. Cutting, "I might retort that I inherit my personal appearance from

## Mr. Jarr Meets Two "Modernists,"

Whatever a "Modernist" May Be

And so, for an hour or more, the married satirists satirized all over the place, fortunately occupying their full powers of satirization on each other. After they had gone, Mr. Jarr breathed a sigh of relief.  
"I was wrong," he said, "those dear people did not come here or do not go anywhere to sell anything. They only snarl their way through the world, giving each other away."

"And yet," said Mrs. Jarr with a sigh, "those people have money and leisure and everything to live for."  
"I suppose so," said Mr. Jarr, "and we are poor and are hard worked and have nothing to live for—except to speak kindly to each other."

And they did so for all the rest of the day.

## How to Make a Hit.

By Alma Woodward.

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## On a Friend's Motor Boat.

FIRST—When he tells you the name of the boat (before you have seen it) ask him why he didn't give it a pretty name—like Undine or Aphrodite—or something femininely marine. Tell him that you don't think "Prickly Heat" is a pretty name. He'll tell you that it's sporty and humorous and just fits the boat, little whizzer. And when you see it, at the dock, you tell him that he's right, but that you'd have named it "Smallpox" or "The Pip."

Second—In the course of conversation it develops that it's a "used boat." Some fellow was crazy about it, but "business conditions forced him to dispose," etc. Its motley appearance is thus accounted for. He'll say he didn't think it worth while to spend money on repainting THIS year, and the engine is the most important part of the craft anyway. When he's gotten this dejected brooding off his chest, it's up to you to step in and murmur, "Well, show me." That puts him on his mettle, as it were.

Third—Now it's time to start the engine. In his immaculate white yachting suit he bends from the waist and gives the flywheel a snappy flip. You incline your ear for the answering short. Silence prevails. When he has red in the face, black in the suit and white in the temper—and silence still prevails, you must say mildly: "Something seems to be the matter with it, doesn't it?"

Fourth—Presuming that during the day he does get her started and you plough into midstream, ask him, as a great favor, whether he will let you steer. Indulgently he consents. You take the wheel, confident that you know your right hand from your left, getting dark and when the strictly scientific terms at you (he's stayed up nights to master them), like this: "Port your helm!" "Starboard!" "en, you poor simp!" And you, anxious to comply, run into a ferry-boat.

Fifth—As the afternoon progresses you can complain of the gasoline odor, saying you think the mixture must be too rich—if this is a safe remark—ask him if he has life preservers aboard and tell him about any little interesting motor boat disasters of which you've read.

Sixth—When at 7 o'clock you've gone further than you expected to, when it's getting dark and when the locality is ultra-strange, the engine stops. All methods known to science and other things are applied, to no avail. You look at the leaky trailer dangling at the end of a frayed rope and decide that rather than stay in midstream all night, a target for anything from a mudcow to a submarine, you'll risk it. The owner, as do all gallant commanders, refuses

## Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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## Canning Time.

"THE frost is on the pumpkin"—or so runs the poet's lay.  
It's time for every girl to pack her "summer furs" away;  
It's time for every thrifty wife to can the autumn fruit—  
And time for every summer sport to can his breach-cloth suit!

It's time to can the peaches—and the parasol and fan,  
The Panama and sport shirt (if you're that kind of a man)—  
To can your lighter sentiments and fluff "con"versation;  
But can—oh, can you—CAN you can your summertime flirtation?

Jealousy is the deadly torpedo that lurks in the sea of matrimony.

It is almost as hard to induce a bachelor to talk about his flirtations as it is to make a married man keep quiet about his.

The man who follows all a girl's wishes hasn't a chance in the world beside the man who is agile enough to anticipate just one of them.

The praise of a friend may be a spur to ambition, but the sneer of an enemy is the whip which drives many a man on to successful accomplishment.

The reason why a man is more inclined to variety in his love affairs than a woman is because all men are alike, but all women are different; a man finds his variety in many, but a woman must find what variety she can in one.

Sometimes the cruellest revenge that a woman can inflict on an inconstant man is to keep her promise to love him forever.

In matters of sentiment most men are nearsighted. Oh, yes, dearie, "distance lends enchantment"—to the woman who happens to be near when you are distant.

The heart is like a rose bush; no man can expect it to blossom if he keeps continually transplanting it.

## Editorials by Women

## EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK.

By Marguerite Moores Marshall.

THE recognition, both by public opinion and in such legislation as may be enacted, of the principle that women should receive the same compensation as men for the same service" is one of the most sensible recommendations to be found in the published report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations.

The pet argument put forward by the opponents of equal pay for equal work is that "just as soon as a woman becomes of any value to her employer she marries and leaves him." There are facts and figures that do not bear out this so frequently repeated statement. They have been gathered by the careful workers of the Russell Sage Foundation.

Through the study of women's trades in cities of the United States with a population of over 50,000 it has been found that 58 per cent. of women teachers, 51 per cent. of women dressmakers, 49 per cent. of laundresses and 39 per cent. of saleswomen are between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four.

These women obviously have worked for many years after emerging from the stage of untrained, inexperienced effort. Why should they be paid as if they were economic transients?

Mrs. Alice Barrows Fernandez, formerly one of the investigators for the Russell Sage Foundation, sums up succinctly the case of the woman employee: "There are just as many women working between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four as there are between sixteen and twenty-five. So that woman's prime in the working world is just the same as man's prime, and this talk about women being economic inconstants is all bosh!"

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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## No. 45.—THE MIRACULOUS TURTLE. By Pierre Mille.

JOHN FEATHERCOCK was doing remarkably well in his mission to Damascus, and Stefano, his Greek rival, was doing correspondingly ill. Wherefore, Stefano waxed vengefully angry, and John Feathercock was sleeker and more self-satisfied every day. Now, at Damascus, dwelt one Mohammed-el-Koualdia, a Syrian whose reputation was none of the best. Clever was he, and reported by some to be a magician. Yet he was a hashish-eater and altogether disreputable. The more respectable natives shunned him.

John Feathercock had been mildly flattered when Mohammed-el-Koualdia scraped acquaintance with him. The Syrian's queer stories amused him. The fellow's simple faith in miracles made him laugh aloud.

This laughter was annoying to Mohammed. One day, as he and Feathercock sat at lunch in the open air, the Syrian exclaimed:

"By calling on the names of Allah and his Prophet, I myself can perform miracles. Look! There is a turtle at my feet. I shall make it grow larger and larger each day until it is bigger than any house."

Feathercock chuckled disdainfully. Mohammed snatched up the turtle from the grass and set it on the table with a slice of melon in front of it.

"O turtle," he intoned, "eat of this melon, and then this night—by Allah's leave—grow an inch larger. To-morrow and every day eat more and more of the melons that this Englishman shall feed to you, and grow daily larger—by Allah's leave—until you are as huge as the Great Mosque of Damascus. I shall come back to-morrow," he added to Feathercock, "to measure the turtle."

"It will be no larger than to-day," scoffed the Englishman.

But it was. Next day, by actual measurement, the turtle had grown a whole inch. Feathercock marvelled. But he marvelled more and more as the days went on. The turtle had originally been the size of a soap dish. Inch by inch it grew daily, until in a few weeks it was larger than a meat platter. And still it grew.

Feathercock began to be scared. He decided it was the melon diet that made the turtle grow, so he ordered his native servant, Hakem, to feed it no more melons but instead to give it herbs to eat. Mohammed-el-Koualdia was furious at this.

"You have broken the charm!" he declared. "Now, on herb diet—by Allah's leave—the turtle shall shrink each day until it vanishes."

And his boast came true. Each day Hakem brought herbs to the turtle. Each day the turtle shrank a little smaller than the day before. At last it was no bigger than a woman's watch. Then one morning it was invisible.

Now all this magic had caused vast excitement throughout Damascus. Every one was talking about the Miraculous Turtle. And the tales did John Feathercock no good. People—especially in the East—have scant faith in the integrity of a man who dabbles in magic. Feathercock's mission to Damascus suffered. By the time the turtle vanished that mission was an utter fiasco, and John Feathercock left the city in a failure.

The next day Mohammed-el-Koualdia, fortified by an extra dose of hashish, sat down and wrote this letter to Stefano, Feathercock's Greek rival in Damascus:

"I beg to inform you that John Feathercock has departed. He will never return. Therefore, I pray you send me the second half of the sum you promised for getting rid of him. Send me also, I entreat, a generous gift for Hakem, his servant, who daily carried a new turtle to the house of John Feathercock and daily carried out the old one under his coat."

"I wish to state, furthermore, that I have for sale now, at low price, fifty-five fine turtles, grading in size from twenty inches to one inch across. I was at much trouble to collect them."

"May Allah paint thy cheeks with the hue of health, O Stefano, and may peace abide in thy heart!"

## Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

TEMPER. By Lord Chesterfield.

IT is a vulgar notion and worthy of the vulgar, for it is both false and absurd, that hot tempered people are the best natured people in the world.

"They are a little hasty, it is true, a trifle will put them in a fury; and while they are in that fury they neither know nor care what they say or do. But, then, as soon as it is over they are extremely sorry for it and over they are extremely sorry for it and over they are extremely sorry for it."

"This panegyric on these choleric 'good-natured' people, when examined and simplified, amounts to plain common sense and English to this: that they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured, and that when, in their fits of rage, they have said or done things that have brought them to the jail or the gallows, they are extremely sorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to those whose reputations, limbs or lives they have either wounded or destroyed?"

To leave his ship, so you bid him a fond farewell and reassure him as to his family's future welfare, if—giving example, if you may use such an expression, were followed by his all-mighty Maker, whose forgiveness he can only hope for in proportion as he himself forgives and loves his fellow creatures?"